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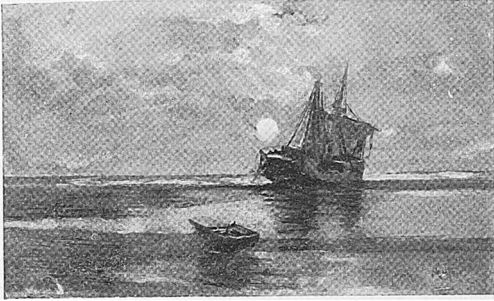
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THE STORIES OF THE SEA

BY HAMBLEN SEARS

With original illustrations by Parker Newton.

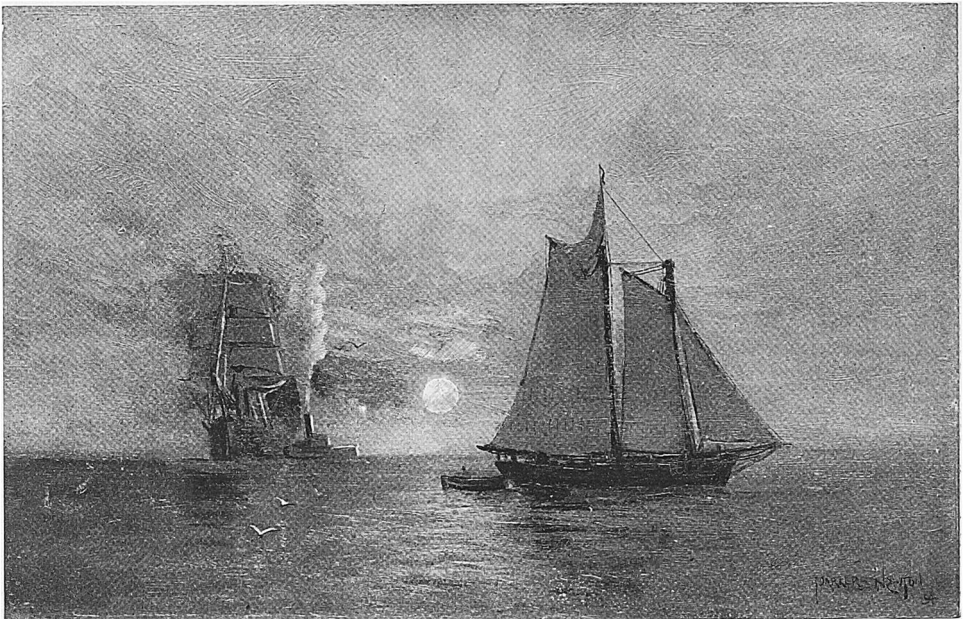


AFTER THE STORM

I REMEMBER, one foggy night in early summer, not so long ago, that we were crawling along toward the entrance to the English Channel. The Captain had taken me upon the bridge, where we walked up and down, listening to the echo of our own whistle, and waiting for anyone that might be near enough to hear it and respond. Two or three times—for we were crossing the course

of steamers running to southern Europe from Liverpool—two or three times we caught a faint answer. In the midst of this peculiar quiet, relieved only by an occasional remark and the constant beating of the engines, there suddenly appeared the headlight of another steamer. Everything was confusion for a moment. She would strike us amidships! The Captain set the engine-room signals to “full speed astern,” and then we waited. No one said a word, not a sound came from the vessel whose spars rapidly came in sight. In a moment it appeared she would go ahead of us and we would strike her—amidship? No! Just on the quarter? No! She was going by. And then came a single hoarse cry from the forecabin, “All clear!” and the steamer went on her way.

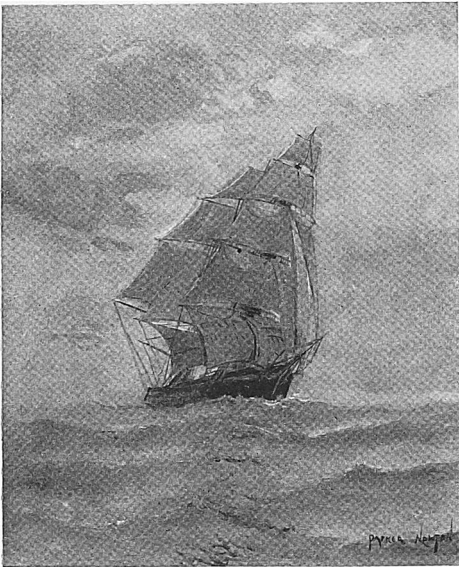
That is a story of the sea. Almost everyone who has gone down to the sea in



SUNSET IN THE LOWER BAY

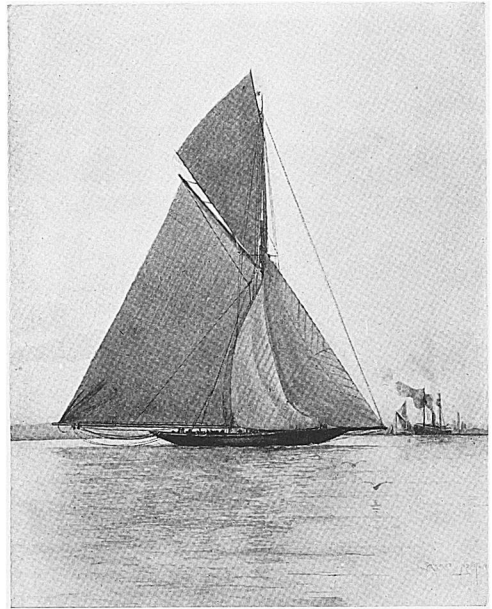
ships can tell such an incident. At one time it was on the Banks, and the greyhound was running at speed in the fog, when a single cry, "Hard-a-port!" from the forecastle, a swerve ever so little to the left—and you scraped by a dory that was half-filled by the thrust-water from the bows.

There is something in the mystery of the sea that makes its scenes as different, even to old mariners, from those on land, as the wheat is from the chaff. It is something far beyond the situation itself, something in the ocean that suggests entirely different conceptions



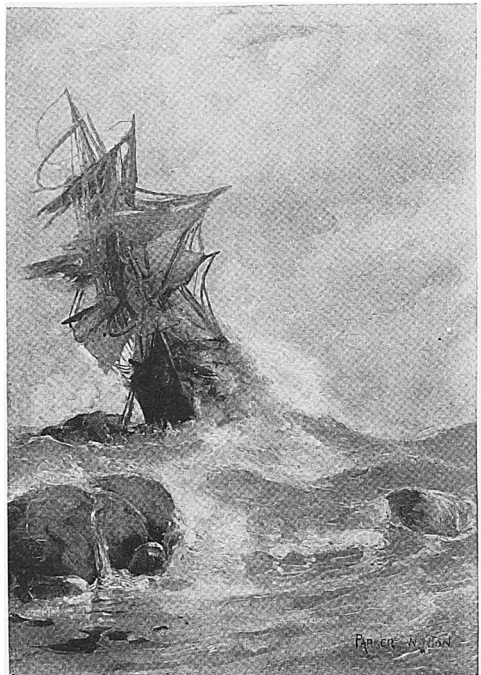
MOONRISE AT SUNSET

Suddenly, tearing along, the lookout sights something to the southward. There is a turn of the wheel, and in fifteen minutes we catch a glimpse of a water-logged ghost of some good ship, and all the passengers sit mute, watching the rolling relic of human souls, reading its story of struggle, of storm, of despair—of death. Perhaps only an hour later a goodly craft, bearing away to the westward under full head of sail, comes flashing by to suggest what the other was only yesterday, what this one may



THE PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT "BRITANNIA"

from anything connected with earth. There is not an incident nor a phase of ocean life that does not tell an impressive story of its own.



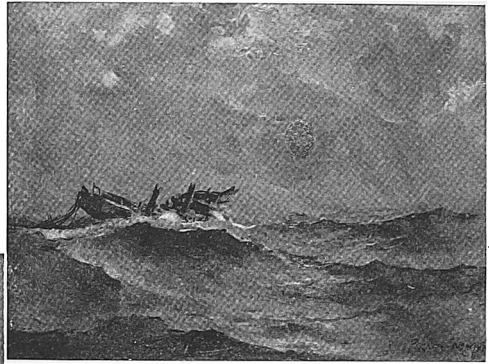
ON THE ROCKS

be to-morrow. It needs only a rock or two, and her race is run. Once crashed upon them, what is left might as well lie quietly there as wander restlessly over the face of the sea. And yet I have seen derelicts of men wander around the city streets, and have watched others under full head of sail,



PERILS OF THE GRAND BANKS

an impressionist—anyone of a thousand others may make you many beautiful works of art. Each may or may not have the suggestion of a story in it, and if it does, you may find yourself criticised for being interested in the story. But the painter of the sea—if indeed he be a real painter of the sea—must be a little of a poet, something of a philosopher, and one who is an artist. If he be so, everything he sees upon the ocean will tell to him a story with that strange suggestion of mystery that he cannot fathom, and that he would not try to fathom, upon reflection, because there is something in it that suggests omnipotence, infallibility and unfathomability.

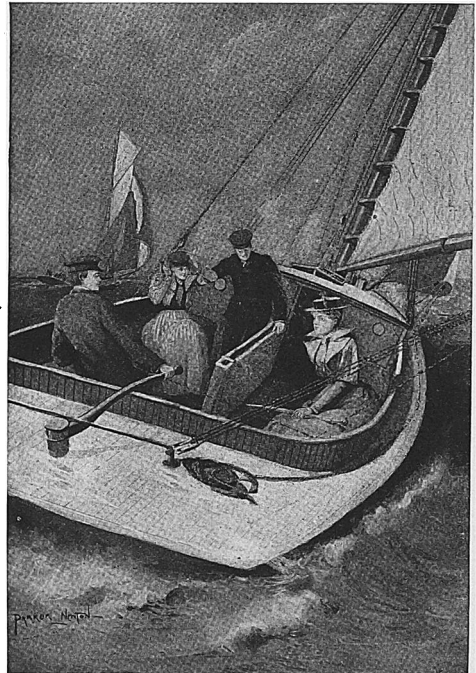


THE DERELICT

and thought that one had been the other once and the other might be the first yet—and all without feeling any such strange sensations as this derelict of the sea aroused.

Parker Newton has caught in his sea-work something of this spirit, and one cannot examine his paintings without seeing that he tells a few of these strange tales of ocean in a vigorous, realistic way.

A painter of genre, a landscapist,



A FROTH BREEZE